

# A CARAVEL OF DREAMS

---

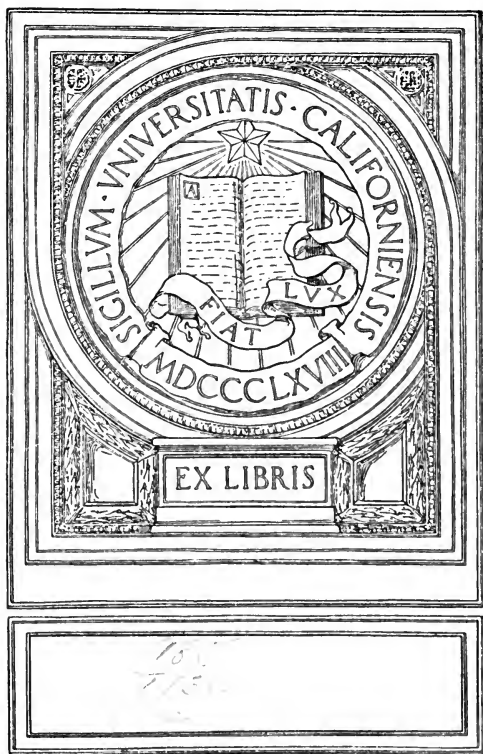
LILA MUNRO TAINTER

UC-NRLF



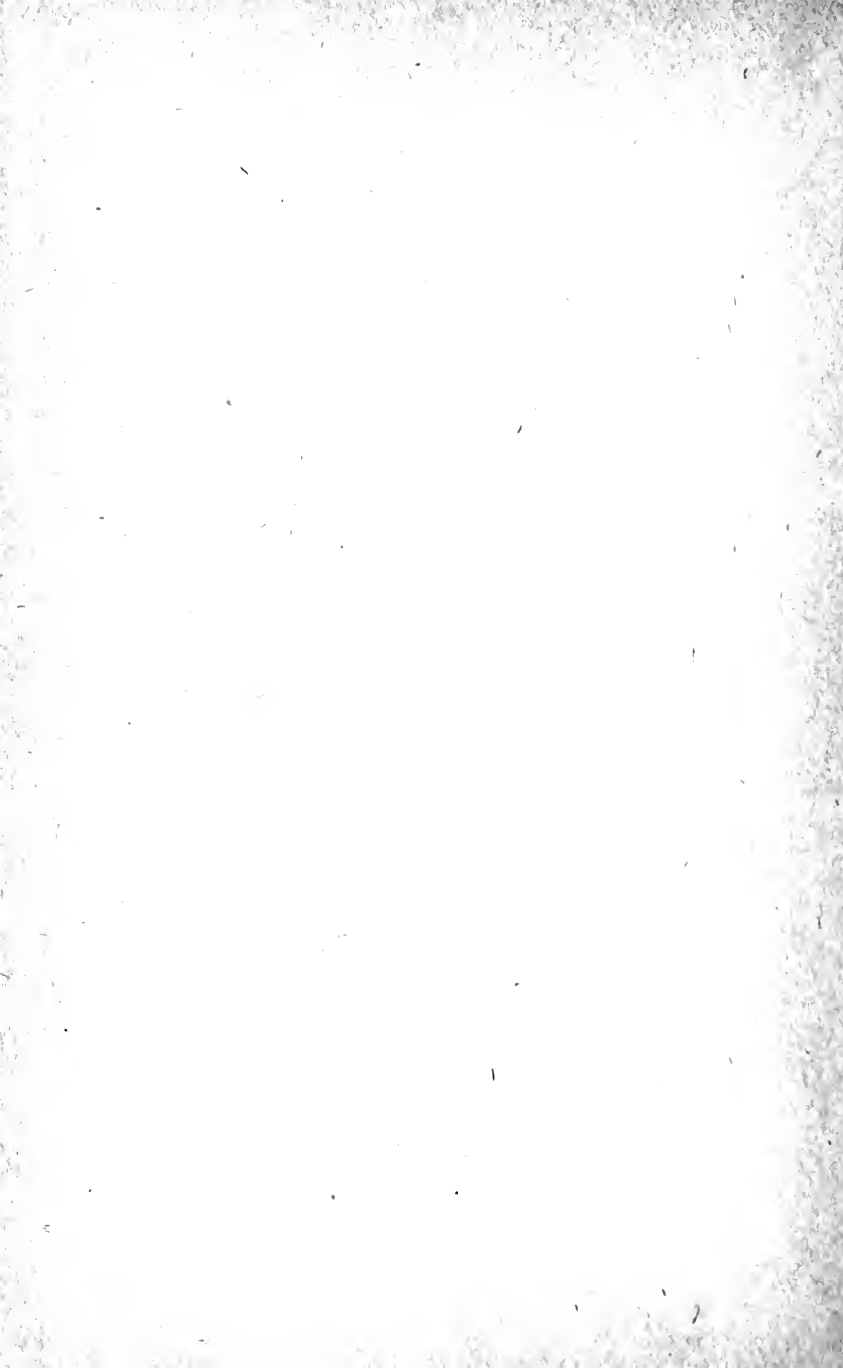
\$B 272 969





Est.

Antiquary



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



# A Caravel of Dreams

A BOOK OF VERSE

BY

LILA MUNRO TAITER



BOSTON  
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY  
1914

TO THE  
ADVERTISER

COPYRIGHT, 1914  
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY



TO  
MY HUSBAND  
AND  
MY MOTHER

977601



## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The poems entitled "Young Love is Dead," "The Captive," "Sleep," were first published in the *Smart Set*; "The Undiscovered Country," in the *International*; "A Sleighing Song," "Condemned," "Departed Years," "Newport Harbor," "My Pearl," in the *Providence Journal*; "Fields of Sleep," in the *Washington Evening Star*; "Reapers," "The Necromancer," in the *Boston Transcript*; "Eastertime," "The Cross of Rubidoux," "Christ's Mother," "Worship of the Flowers," "O Bird, Swift Flying," in the *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Indiana; "Bethlehem's Babe," "For Success," in the *Los Angeles Times*; to which publications my thanks are due for permission to reprint.

LILA MUNRO TAINTER

San Diego,  
California.



## FOREWORD

O ship o' dreams, fashioned from foam of waves,  
Bird songs and whisperings of leafy boughs,  
The footfall of the rain upon the roof,  
The grief and joy of man, the flower of dawn,  
The tender grace of twilight on the sea;  
Molded by the desire of the heart,  
And armored in a strength invincible,  
Made in the furnace of the soul's white flame,—  
Go swiftly over seas to my beloved,  
Bearing within thy hold a precious freight  
Of memories' fragrant spices. Fear no ill;  
The pilot, Love, will guide thee to the feet  
Of her who made our earth a paradise.



# CONTENTS

## POEMS OF LOVE

	PAGE
YOUNG LOVE IS DEAD . . . . .	1
LOVE, THE SORCERER . . . . .	2
LOVE'S PRISONER . . . . .	3
WHEN BIRDS SING LOW . . . . .	4
TO EROS . . . . .	5
LOVE'S FIRST DREAM . . . . .	7
WHERE THOU DOST PASS . . . . .	8
THE DÉBUTANTE . . . . .	9
ONCE MORE . . . . .	10
FORGIVE . . . . .	12
OH, COME TO ME . . . . .	13
THE CAPTIVE . . . . .	14
LOVE'S APPROACH . . . . .	15
SKETCHES . . . . .	16
THE TRYST . . . . .	18
THE ARTIST . . . . .	19

## POEMS OF FANCY

SLEEP . . . . .	23
THE DOWER . . . . .	24
SHIPS . . . . .	25
THE ARGONAUTS . . . . .	26
THE QUEST . . . . .	29
ASPIRATION . . . . .	31
TO ARCADY . . . . .	32
DEPARTED YEARS . . . . .	33
FIELDS OF SLEEP . . . . .	34

	PAGE
THE ROCK-A-BY SHIP . . . . .	35
WHEN PAN PLAYS . . . . .	37

## POEMS OF REVERY

A CHRISTMAS TOAST . . . . .	41
RETROSPECTION . . . . .	43
THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY . . . . .	44
THE DULLARD . . . . .	45
REAPERS . . . . .	46
A QUESTION . . . . .	47
FOR SUCCESS . . . . .	48
EXPECTATION . . . . .	49
THE CARAVELS . . . . .	51

## POEMS OF NATURE

A SLEIGHING SONG . . . . .	55
EVENING . . . . .	56
THE NECROMANCER . . . . .	57
HOURS . . . . .	59
THE SURF DOGS . . . . .	61
THE SEAGULLS . . . . .	62
INDIAN SUMMER . . . . .	63
PERSEPHONE . . . . .	64
REGINA . . . . .	65
THE DESERT . . . . .	67
AT LA JOLLA . . . . .	69
NEWPORT HARBOR . . . . .	70
BY THE PACIFIC . . . . .	71
O BIRD, SWIFT FLYING . . . . .	72
THE RETURN . . . . .	73



## POEMS OF SORROW

	PAGE
IN A GARDEN . . . . .	77
RESIGNATION . . . . .	79
MY PEARL . . . . .	81
AT NIGHT . . . . .	82
IN HOSPITAL AT MANILA . . . . .	83
HOPE'S MESSENGER . . . . .	85
MY SONG . . . . .	86
GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR . . . . .	87
FINIS . . . . .	89
DREAMS . . . . .	90
PASS ON, O DEATH . . . . .	91
TURN DOWN HIS EMPTY GLASS . . . . .	92

## POEMS OF TRAGEDY

ANARCHY . . . . .	97
SISTERS . . . . .	99
BETRAYED . . . . .	101
THE WANTON . . . . .	103
RACHEL . . . . .	104
THE JESTER . . . . .	105
CONDEMNED . . . . .	106
PAYING THE PIPER . . . . .	107
THE LAND OF WOE . . . . .	108
THE OPEN GATE . . . . .	109
VANQUISHED . . . . .	111

## RELIGIOUS POEMS

THE CROSS OF RUBIDOUX . . . . .	115
THE WORSHIP OF THE FLOWERS . . . . .	117

	PAGE
EASTER TIME . . . . .	118
CHRIST'S MOTHER . . . . .	119
BETHLEHEM'S BABE . . . . .	120
I AM A WANDERER . . . . .	122
WHEN SHEPHERDS WATCHED . . . . .	123
YULETIDE . . . . .	125
<i>Cui Bono</i> . . . . .	126

## POEMS OF LOVE



## YOUNG LOVE IS DEAD.

YOUNG Love is dead,  
But when he died we cannot tell;  
There was no sound of passing bell  
When life had fled.

We did not know  
A thing so fair could pass away,  
That lips of fire could turn one day  
To lips of snow.

In dumb despair  
We gazed on him we had caressed;  
His hands were folded on his breast  
As if in prayer.

Then in the grave  
We laid our Love so cold and still.  
We could not weep; we had no will  
Or power to save.

The Spring is here  
With smiling face, but Love has fled;  
Where last year's flowers are lying dead,  
Go seek his bier.

## LOVE, THE SORCERER

Love is a sorcerer of wondrous power;  
He holds the glass of time within his hand,  
And, lo, for one ecstatic, happy hour  
The sun of heart's desire at his command  
Floods all the land!

Love is the harbinger of bitter pain,  
Of vain regret, of tears and wild despair,—  
A harvest, garnered 'mid the winds and rain,  
Of blighted hopes and memories once fair.  
Of Love beware!

And yet whene'er we hear his thrilling voice,—  
Whether in perfumed Spring we list his  
speech,  
Or when bird choirs of Summer sing, "Re-  
joice"—  
With outstretched arms we strive his arms to  
reach,  
And gifts beseech!

Love, the beginning and the end of all,  
Molds even the changeless to his own behest,  
And gives to those who, living, miss his call,  
In death the sacred shelter of his breast;  
And this is best!

## LOVE'S PRISONER

THOU art Love's prisoner who once roamed free  
And mocked his chains;  
Henceforward at his pleasure thou shalt be  
As he ordains.

Thy bosom white is his, thy dark eyes' fire;  
Thy nectared lips  
Are his alone to drain at his desire  
In honeyed sips.

He marked thee for his own; and by his art  
And subtle charms  
He seized and prisoned thee within his heart,  
Bound by his arms.

## WHEN BIRDS SING LOW

### RONDEAU

WHEN birds sing low in green retreat  
At midnight hour their love songs sweet,  
The popped arms of Sleep forsake  
For mine, Sweetheart. Awake! Awake!  
Oh, let me not in vain entreat  
When birds sing low.

Soon o'er the hills her lord to greet  
Will glide the Dawn on shining feet:  
Haste, from thy limbs dreams' fetters shake  
When birds sing low.

The night with mysteries is replete,  
And for love's tryst alone is meet;  
Then come to me ere morn doth break,  
With fragrant lips my thirst to slake  
When birds sing low.



## TO EROS

O FAIR god Eros, on this summer day  
    Pause in thy flight,  
And 'mid the fragrant blossoms let us stray  
    Before the Night  
Shrouds in her dusky veil the saffron light.

The tawny bees sing low the while they poise  
    O'er each sweet lip,  
And fan the ardor of their coming joys  
    Before they sip,  
Then,—into waiting nectared cups they dip.

List, I entreat thee! Lay thy weapons by  
    A while, and rest  
Ere thou dost wing thy course adown the sky;  
    I fain would test  
My strength 'gainst thine. Come, dream upon  
    my breast!

Thou canst not wound me, Eros; I am old,  
    And thou must keep  
Thine arrows for hearts not grown numb and  
    cold:  
    An ashen heap  
Long since was mine, with all its story told.

—Nay, threat me not, I fear no more thy  
    charms!

—But, ah, thy breath,—

Thy soft lips, wake again the old alarms;—

—Though this be death,

'Tis welcome thus to meet it in thine arms.

## LOVE'S FIRST DREAM

WHEN yesterday  
Has faded in the far horizon dim,  
And fair to-morrow o'er the mountain's rim  
Peeps arch and gay,  
Will aught remind thee of our old-time bliss,  
The rapture of the first ecstatic kiss?

Or doth stern fate  
Decree that it shall be recalled no more,  
As footprints made upon a sandy shore  
That waves obliterate;  
And all the charm, the passion and sweet pain  
Of love's first message never come again?

It cannot be  
That midst the joys with which thy life is  
fraught,  
The past so bitter-sweet holds not a thought,  
A memory of me;  
That I, who kindled first the altar's flame,  
Shall have nor habitation nor a name?

Let love's first dream  
Sometimes glide through the cloisters of thy  
heart,  
And I shall know, though time and seas may  
part;  
Nor will it seem  
A sin to have been loved, though at the shrine  
Another hand now feeds the fire divine.

## WHERE THOU DOST PASS

WHERE thou dost pass,  
The chaliced lily fairer grows,  
And sweeter breathes the fragrant rose;  
The whole wide world in beauty blooms and  
glows  
Where thou dost pass.

O little queen,  
O dainty, royal lady fair,  
Our prisoner wonderful and rare,  
Caught on the wing, trapped in a moonbeam  
snare,  
O little queen.

Wilt thou not stay  
A few short hours thine upward flight,  
And be content till jewelled night  
Dies on the threshold of the morning bright  
Wilt thou not stay?

Thy captor, Love,  
Folds thee from harms upon his breast;  
Then struggle not, but quiet rest,—  
A timid bird safe in a sheltered nest;  
Thy captor, Love.

## THE DÉBUTANTE

SHE comes, a vision to enchant,—

Dark, tangled lashes veil her eyes,  
Filled with a sweet, demure surprise;  
A rosebud fair, a débutante.

The chestnut rings anear her cheek

Touch lovingly the tinted snows;  
Chased by her smile a dimple goes  
About her mouth at hide-and-seek.

Ah, could I feel that little hand

With rose-tipped fingers clasp mine own,  
The proudest monarch on his throne  
Would rank as beggar in the land.

Fair maid, to me sweet succor give,

Nor let my heart unheeded lie  
Beneath thy light feet tripping by,  
But heal my wounds and bid me live.

## ONCE MORE

WHEN the Summer comes once more,  
                                    O my love,  
Shall I see you as of yore,  
                                    O my love;  
With heaven's radiance shining through  
Overarching skies of blue  
In a benison on you,  
                                    O my love?

Will you smile on me again,  
                                    Heart of mine,  
And forgive the tears and pain,  
                                    Heart of mine,  
And forget doubt's drifting snows  
In the glory of the rose,  
While love's rapture burns and glows,  
                                    Heart of mine?

Hasten to mine empty arms,  
                                    My beloved;  
I will shelter you from harms,  
                                    My beloved.  
You shall lie upon my breast  
In an ecstasy of rest,  
Safe as bird within its nest,  
                                    My beloved.

[11]

## FORGIVE

AMID the shadows dark  
That close enfold,  
Above the ruins stark  
Of hopes grown cold,  
Send but one token, dear, that I may live;  
Forgive.

Beyond the mountain ridge  
So darkly blue,  
Across yon starry bridge  
My prayers pursue  
Who couldst no boon refuse when thou didst  
live;  
Forgive.

By pangs of vain remorse,  
By anguished cry,  
By haunted orbs whose source  
Of tears is dry,  
Remember not the old-time perfidy; that I may  
live,  
Forgive.

Adown the black abyss  
Whence thee I call,  
From thine estate of bliss  
Let pardon fall;  
Whisper to me one word that I may live;  
Forgive.



## OH, COME TO ME

### RONDEL

Oh, come to me; the twilight shadows grey,  
Veil with their dusky wings the golden west,  
Where slowly fades the flower of the day,  
Its petals floating on the ocean's breast.  
While birds sing sweet good-night in bowered  
nest

Amid the trees whose branches swing and sway,  
Oh, come to me; the twilight shadows grey,  
Veil with their dusky wings the golden west.

Thy lips are sweet as blossoms of the May,  
Thy bosom white as snow on mountain's  
crest.

Across the fields of evening take thy way,  
And with thy gentle voice soothe my unrest;  
Oh, come to me; the evening shadows grey,  
Veil with their dusky wings the golden west.

## THE CAPTIVE

WHY does Love weave such fetters for my  
feet;

O heart's delight, I should be far away;  
Hark, through the casement sounds the world's  
heart-beat,

The echo of its fray.

Open thy gates and set me free again;  
Thy tangling lashes hold me captive still;  
And thus I kneel, filled with delicious pain,  
A suppliant at thy will.

The blossom of thy mouth invites approach,  
Its garnered sweetness I would fain surprise,  
But should I on its petals fair encroach,  
Wouldst slay me with thine eyes?

Have pity, beauteous lady; bid me live;  
Grant me some hope ere I from thee depart;  
If guerdon for sweet duress I must give,  
Maiden, I leave my heart.

## LOVE'S APPROACH

MINE own, my dear,  
Love has set forth upon his gentle quest;  
Open thy portals for the coming guest  
Without a fear.

Swift from the skies,  
O'er hill and stream he straightway wings his  
flight,  
His path illumined ever by the light  
Within thine eyes.

Thy bosom's shrine  
Shall be to him a sanctuary sweet;  
After the din and turmoil of the street,  
Refuge divine.

True love ne'er tires  
Seeking his own; as magnet unto steel  
He flies, and shall abide through woe or weal,—  
E'en through sin's fires.

He asks not gain  
Of his beloved, nor if his gift exceed;  
He cometh to fulfill each wish and need,  
And soothe all pain.

From Heaven above  
He brings the crown of all the joys to be,  
Conqueror of death, heir of eternity,  
Immortal Love.

## SKETCHES

### I

THE God of Day comes forth with his young  
bride —

Fair Morn, enshrouded in her silvery mists;  
With eager hand he sweeps her veil aside,  
And blushing yields she whatso'er he lists.  
The waterfall leaps down from craggy lair,  
And with its rainbow glories decks her hair.

The swallows dart from hidden nests, and fly  
In myriads over meadow, barn and croft;  
Far, far above the tallest treetops high,  
The message of the morning bear aloft;  
The river sings betwixt its sedgy banks,  
And reeds and grasses wave in serried ranks.

### II

The ardent Sun above Earth's fragrant breast  
Broods with his wide-spread wings of flame  
a-glow;  
And golden plumage, falling from his crest,  
Quivers and gleams upon the tide below.  
A languorous peace pervades, begot from this  
Embrace of Earth and Sun in cloud abyss.

The insects' drowsy drone the only sound  
That breaks the quiet of the noontide grace,

The bees within the lily's cup have found  
Sweet recompense of labor for a space;  
The dusky shades withdraw to forest maze,  
Nor stirring leaf their ambush safe betrays.

### III

Night o'er her head a star-gemmed wimple  
flings,

And swiftly glides adown the darkening skies;  
Between her palms the lantern moon she swings

As to the trysting-place of Love she hies;  
Glowing with ardor, filled with sweet alarms,  
Eager she seeks the rapture of his arms.

The wandering wind, espying her in flight,

With view halloo, upon the chase has sped,  
But ere Dawn's archers with their shafts of  
light

Rise to the hunt, the wanton queen has fled;  
Yet little zephyrs whispering, disclose  
The secret amour to the blushing rose.

## THE TRYST

THE perfume of roses fills the air ;  
The lily in green coif, tall and fair,  
Amid the shadows that grow apace,  
Stands like a nun with pure, pale face.

The herald stars with their torches bright  
Proclaim in the skies the coming Night ;  
Her dusky mantle is sweeping chill  
O'er swaying trees and on distant hill.

The firefly lights up his lantern small ;  
The mournful voices of crickets call ;  
The wings of the winds bring odors sweet ;  
But never sound of thy coming feet.

A dreaming bird calls from hidden nest ;  
The moon sails over the mountain's crest ;  
The brown owl summons his mate unseen  
Far in the depths of the woodland green.

Why dost thou tarry? The hours wane.  
Must Love's fond pleading be made in vain?  
My lips are thirsting for thy lips dear,  
— Moon of delight,— she is here, she is  
here.

## THE ARTIST

THOU art a daughter of the house of song,  
Whose golden corridors, the hours long,  
    Are echoing  
With unborn harmonies that dulcet ring.

Within thy lovely bosom, 'neath its snows,  
A spark from God's own altar burns and glows ;  
    Its flame divine  
Draws all the ravished world and makes it  
    thine.

Such rapture does thy wondrous music wake  
That souls in ecstasy their bonds would break,  
    And, from earth free,  
Soar up to heaven on wings of melody.





POEMS OF FANCY



## SLEEP

### RONDEL

SLEEP wanders slowly down night's golden  
stair,

Wearing a dream-flower on her snowy breast.  
In rippling splendor flows her unbound hair,  
Her eyes in heavenly benediction rest  
Upon the unquiet world and it is blest.  
Repose profound attends all nature where  
Sleep wanders slowly down night's golden stair,  
Wearing a dream-flower on her snowy breast.

Peace enters weary hearts, abiding there  
For a brief space, and at her sweet behest,  
Tears flow no more, forgotten is despair,  
As, with hushed footfall, on her gentle quest,  
Sleep wanders slowly down night's golden stair.

## THE DOWER

HIDDEN 'mid interlacing vines of green  
That o'er the rough stone boulders climb and  
cling,  
There is a little gate almost unseen,  
And birds about its portals nest and sing.

A tiny gate, but broad and wondrous fair  
The landscape that beyond it stretches wide,  
With flowering fields whose perfume fills the  
air,  
And shady groves where woodland things  
abide.

Dryads from every tree and shrub invite  
To dalliance in shady, cool retreat,  
And humming birds in every bloom alight,  
Nor know at last which sip has been most  
sweet.

Spirit of beauty, wonderful thy dower;  
Without such gift how barren life would be!  
The miracle of bush and tree and flower  
Thou givest those who love thee, eyes to see.

## SHIPS

Out of the shadows grey  
That hang in misty veil,  
A little fleet sets sail  
From port of Yesterday.

With white wings to the breeze,  
Their high prows spurn the foam,  
And swiftly onward come  
To bring back memories.

From far-off southern skies  
Where sun-kissed rivers flow;  
From northland, white with snow,  
Whence cloud-capped peaks arise;

Into the Present glide  
The phantom ships of Yore,  
Sweep into port once more,  
And safe at anchor ride.

And when the sun sinks low,  
Strange music ebbs and swells  
Like chime of elfin bells,—  
The songs of Long Ago.

## THE ARGONAUTS

WE are sailing, we are sailing, and our quest  
shall never cease  
Till in Hesperidean gardens we behold the  
golden fleece.  
Passing glimpses of its splendor seemed to reach  
us in the morn  
When above the waste of waters came the rosy  
day new-born,  
But, alas, no land was lying, green and lovely,  
on our lee,  
And as far as eye could follow stretched the  
restless, moaning sea.  
We are sailing, we are sailing, beyond any  
mortal hailing,  
Till we see on far horizon those fair islands  
of delight.

When the golden flower of heaven opened wide  
to glorify  
The tree of night whose branches stretched  
across the arching sky,  
And the silver stars were blossoming in myriads  
on each bough,  
We thought our quest was ended and our guer-  
don given now.  
Oh, the agony of waiting; oh, the hope deferred  
so long,

That may only voice its yearning in the measure of a song.

We are sailing, we are sailing.

Eyes once keen are dulled with gazing on the far-off misty rim

For a glimpse of that fair kingdom in the offing, pale and dim;

And the crew, so gay and fearless, now are greybeards sad and old,

With their courage crushed and broken and their fiery hearts grown cold;

Joyous hopes and aspirations, all have faded till they seem

Like the evanescent phantoms of some half-forgotten dream.

We are sailing, we are sailing.

We have journeyed long and widely, and our ship in port would be;

She is heavy with the trailing weeds of many an unknown sea;

Every sail is brown and tattered; all her timbers leaking sore.

She has buffeted the typhoon, heard the sirens on the shore;

Bare her deck and swept by surges; guiding helm unshipped and gone;

She is but a wreck dismantled and the treasure still unwon.

We are sailing, we are sailing, beyond any  
mortal hailing;  
Oh, to see on the horizon those fair islands  
of delight!

To the eastward or the westward is the king-  
dom that we seek?  
Not one ship has ever reached it of the many  
we bespeak;  
But we know beyond all doubting, by our an-  
guish of desire,  
By the unrest that consumes us with the tor-  
ment of its fire,  
That the agony of loving and the heartbreaks  
were not vain,  
And that in the port we're seeking there is  
surcease for our pain.  
We are sailing, we are sailing, beyond any  
mortal hailing,  
Back to angel arms that clasped us long ago,  
so long ago.



## THE QUEST

WE'VE been searching for a lifetime,  
    Everywhere,  
For a mystic hidden country passing fair,  
Where our bright dream castles stand  
In a cloudless summer land  
And countless blossoms perfume all the air.

Sometimes when the sun was sinking  
    In the west,  
And each sleepy bird was brooding on its nest,  
We have seen a glory gleaming  
Brighter far than earthly seeming,  
And we thought to gain our haven and our  
    quest.

Music sweet as ever heard from  
    Angel choir,  
Kindled in the yearning heart supreme desire,  
Till the soul in ecstasy  
From earth trammels would be free,  
Burning in its prison with divinest fire.

We could almost view our wondrous  
    Castles white,  
With their starry casements glowing all alight,  
Hear the bells within the towers  
Mark the passing of the hours,  
Then — betwixt us fell the blackness of the  
    night.

Was it but day's dying embers  
    On the sky,  
And the moaning winds among the treetops  
    high,  
Blending woodland whispers low  
With the river's rhythmic flow,—  
For we're wandering still and searching, you  
    and I?

But I'm weary, oh, so weary  
    Of the dark!  
And upon my spirit pain has left its mark.  
In life's game of "give and take"  
Oft the stoutest heart will break  
If hope lies within the bosom cold and stark!

When across death's black abyss  
    Heaven's glory streams,  
Lighting up its fearsome depths with golden  
    gleams,  
Shall we see before us rise,  
Silhouetted 'gainst the skies,  
The elusive, fairy castles of our dreams?

## ASPIRATION

I PINE for fields Elysian, for streams  
Sparkling and fair beyond Earth's wildest  
dreams,

Upon whose banks I fain would lie at ease,  
Mine ears attuned to wondrous melodies;  
And lips now sternly locked in silence chill,  
With thoughts unchained would make the whole  
earth thrill.

My soul is fainting for the viands rare  
On which the gods are daily wont to fare;  
Some favored eat thereof, nor are denied,  
While I, an-hungered, gazing stand outside.

Give me the wine of song, that I may drain  
The golden cup and never thirst again;  
The food ambrosial let me taste, and feel  
Divine afflatus through my senses steal.  
Life lacking this is but a beggar's meed;  
Granted, a banquet fit for royal need.

If but the lees my portion be designed,  
If only crumbs from Zeus' feast I find,  
Though Death preside, the gain would still be  
mine,  
If on Olympian crusts I once might dine.

## TO ARCADY

WITH joyous hearts and laughter gay  
We wander on the livelong day;  
Sometimes the road is fair with flowers,  
Sometimes the rain-cloud glooms and lowers,  
But we are young, and merrily  
We dance along to Arcady.

We lie beside the hedge at night;  
Above us stars gleam large and bright.  
What matters hunger, rags or cold,  
When ours the world to have and hold?  
And so, with blithe hearts, merrily  
We journey on to Arcady.

Then — blinding tears; yet must we on,  
Though strength is spent and bays unwon:  
The last rose tint fades from the west;  
Pan's pipes are stilled; we fain would rest;  
For now we know 'twas fantasy,—  
Our dream of youth, our Arcady.

## DEPARTED YEARS

RETURN, departed years, return once more;  
In happy dreams I see ye still, and hear  
The music of your soft-voiced melody.  
Its subtle spell pervades the solitude  
Of gloomy night until I live again,  
But waking weep to find it but a dream.  
The golden days of youth come back to me,  
Joys long since passed away and hopes grown  
cold;  
Loved faces, hidden by the flower starred turf,  
Smile fondly on me with their old-time charm,  
And all my soul is steeped in sweet repose.  
O happy dreams, O bitter wakening!  
Would I might wake no more, but quiet sleep,  
Lulled on the bosom of the happy Past,  
Hearing her low voice murmur in my ear,  
While memory's bell should ring the Angelus  
That tells the sun of life has sunk to rest.

## FIELDS OF SLEEP

Know'st thou the wide, mysterious fields of  
sleep,

Whose velvet green sward sparkles into rills,  
Where fair dream flowers ope on every side,  
Their petals written o'er in mystic signs;  
Where bright winged fancies float from bloom  
to bloom,

Sipping the treasured honey as they fly?  
From far-off hills, whereon browse peaceful  
flocks,

The plaintive note of shepherd's pipe is  
heard,

While sob of waves from unseen mystic shores  
Whispers the tired heart to peaceful rest,  
And over flower and field and shimmering  
stream

Trail silver banners of the fair-faced moon.  
O happy kingdom where such joys abide!

O fields divine, strewn o'er with blossoms  
rare!

Some time, returning not, we reach thy verge,  
And lo, the ocean of eternity!

## THE ROCK-A-BY SHIP

THE rock-a-by ship is ready for sea,  
Her anchor is weighed and her sails unfurled;  
She is only waiting for you and for me  
To sail away o'er the edge of the world:  
Hark, to the sailors' cheery cry!  
(*Lullaby, baby, lullaby!*)

Who sets sail in the rock-a-by ship?  
All aboard! All aboard! Off we sweep!  
Over the billows we rise and dip,  
Bound for the wondrous ocean of sleep!  
Under our keel the foam leaps high.  
(*Lullaby, darling, lullaby!*)

The ocean of sleep lies far away,  
With fair dream islands upon its breast,  
We tarry awhile, but may not stay  
Until we come forever to rest.  
See the islands against the sky!  
(*Lullaby, sweetheart, lullaby!*)

Angel children with loving smile  
Joyfully crowd the wave-wet strand,  
Darlings we cherished on earth a while,  
Gathered to welcome the coming band,  
Arms outstretch as the ship draws nigh.  
(*Lullaby, precious, lullaby!*)

Song birds wing through the perfumed air,  
Flowers bloom that will never die,  
For, opening painted petals fair,  
Lo, each one soars to the cloudless sky,  
A radiant, beautiful butterfly!  
(*Lullaby, dearest, lullaby!*)



## WHEN PAN PLAYS

THROUGH the fragrant air of springtime  
Far a-field steals a refrain,  
Waking in the soul a yearning  
That is poignant unto pain;  
Piercing, silvery and elusive,  
As it threads through nature's theme,  
And we know beyond a doubting  
Pan is playing by the stream.

Pan, the sylvan god alluring,  
Crowned with garlands of the vine,  
With his magic pipes whose cadence  
Is half-human, half-divine,  
Binding with his chords melodious  
All the flowers in life's scheme  
Till the birds go mad with singing,  
"Pan is playing by the stream."

Sweet as touch of lips forbidden  
Upon lips that fain would kiss,  
Rapturous as realization  
Of a long-retarded bliss,  
Thrilling with the ecstatic anguish  
Of love, sovereign, supreme,  
Rises the impassioned measure —  
Pan is playing by the stream.

As the feeble footsteps falter,  
And the glamour dies away,  
And the lengthening twilight shadows  
Mark the closing of the day,  
Faint as memories of Summer  
In the Winter's icy dream,  
Is the echo of the music  
Pan was playing by the stream.

**POEMS OF REVERY**



## A CHRISTMAS TOAST

'Tis Christmas time. Upon the hills afar  
In Palestine so many years ago,  
The shepherds guarding sheep beheld a star  
That led them to a manger cradle low.

'Tis Christmas time. As far as eye can reach  
The broad Pacific pulses deep and slow,  
And white-winged sea gulls, with their strident  
screech,  
Dive from the blue above to blue below.

'Tis Christmas time. The tall poinsettias rise  
In royal panoply of crimson blooms;  
Against the dazzling tint of southern skies,  
Cocoas plumosa wave their graceful plumes.

'Tis Christmas time. The snow lies wide and  
white  
On the Atlantic coast; an icy sheet  
Covers the streams, but tapers are alight,  
And round the tree move children's dancing  
feet.

'Tis Christmas time. For some the world is  
young;  
Life's bright entrancing tale is still untold;  
For some the lights are out; the song is sung;  
The shadows gather, and the world is old.

'Tis Christmas time — throughout the southern  
lands,  
And 'mid the drifting snows, 'tis Christmas  
time;  
Across the mountain peaks we stretch our  
hands,  
And clasp and drink to friends in every  
clime.

## RETROSPECTION

If in the land where loved ones congregate  
Is known the misery of those who wait  
    Upon the hither side of death's dark stream,  
Beset by grisly terrors of life's dream,  
    Perchance joy may be marred in those  
        bright spheres,  
When angel eyes are dimmed by pitying  
    tears.

## THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

WHERE does it lie, this country of our yearning?

Not eastward, where morn's altar fires  
gleam

And orisons from happy bird throats stream;

Nor where the palms, amid the desert burning,  
show

Show blessed oases to the traveller turning;

Nor e'en where snowy hands of mountains  
seem

To pluck the stars, the while they lonely  
dream

In solitude sublime, life's plan discerning.

'Tis here about us where we grope and stray

And wander with unseeing eyes afar,

We brush the fair white wings of angel band,

And never know, until at last some day

We fall on death, whose kindly hands unbar

Our senses locked, and, lo, the promised  
land!



## THE DULLARD

MASTER, I pray, turn down the lettered page;  
Hopeless the task I find, nor have I guessed  
The hidden meaning of my fruitless quest,  
Nor what these mystic symbols would presage;  
Let me go hence, my anguish to assuage.

Time was I conned the script with joyous  
zest,

Now tear-blind eyes yearn for eternal rest;  
Free me, unworthy of my heritage.

Others shall follow, filled with purpose strong,  
To whom will be as naught the grief and pain  
That I have suffered; scanning swift along  
The lines, thy message shall not be in vain.  
But I, alas, am not of that blessed throng,  
And from thy courts an exile must remain.

## REAPERS

A LITTLE time to sow, and then the reaping;  
The harvest ours alone, for joy or pain,  
We may but gather thistles with wild weeping,  
Or pluck from fields aglow with golden grain.

Some work on uplands where the sun is shining;  
In valleys some, where grisly shadows lie:  
The wherefor is beyond our poor divining,  
But we shall learn the secret by and by.

## A QUESTION

EACH spirit unaccompanied must tread  
The path of life unto the exit gate;  
Alone we came, alone our steps are sped  
Through storm and sunshine to an unknown  
fate.

But when the march is ended and we rest,  
With all conjecture banished from the brain,  
Will there be found the purpose of our quest,  
Solution of life's anguish and its pain?

## FOR SUCCESS

“Perhaps it was well to dissemble your love,  
But why did you kick me down stairs.”

KEMBLE.

WOULD you know the best way to get into the  
swim,

Although it should be on the outermost rim?

Bend your knee to the rich; to the great  
lend your ear;

But the plaint of the poor neither notice nor  
hear.

Pluck your heart out and throw to the dogs  
for their food;

You'll need it no more in a circle so good.

Turn your back on old friends who are  
threadbare and torn;

Deny aged parents old-fashioned, toil-worn;  
Lie and cheat; lick men's boots, and do all a  
fool dares;—

And return undisturbed when they kick you  
down stairs.

## EXPECTATION

I've had happy dreams of you  
Every hour,  
Since the moment that I knew,  
O my flower!  
God would send to me some day,  
From his garden far away,  
A fair bud to ope and blossom in my bower.

When the sunset glory dies  
In the west,  
As a bird on swift wings flies  
To its nest,  
I can see your sinless soul  
Fluttering onward to its goal  
In the shelter of my heart to lie at rest!

Let your journey here be fleet,  
Gift divine!  
I would kiss your little feet,  
Angel mine!  
Feel the touch of helpless hands,  
Stronger far than iron bands,  
With love's strength around my fingers clasp  
and twine.

Come when gates of dawn swing wide  
Far above,  
Or with shadowy eventide,  
Little dove!

From the angels' watchful care,  
As an answer to my prayer,  
Come whene'er you will, you bring the crown  
of love!

## THE CARAVELS

In the façade of the Wednesday Club

WHENCE did ye come and whither did ye sail,  
O mimic galleons of by-gone days;  
From what fair land enshrouded by the haze  
Of memory's veil?

Didst carry spices from the Orient fair,  
Or gold and jewels from some ravished fane,  
Or priestly robes that odors still retain  
Of incense rare?

Whose was the hand that steered ye in the path  
Beneath the Southern Cross or burning sky;  
Who stood at bay to battle and defy  
The cyclone's wrath?

The brave who shipped with ye, forgotten, rest  
In dreamless slumber countless fathoms deep,  
Reposing peacefully as child asleep  
On mother's breast.

And those who mourned them, too, have passed  
away,  
Their bones returned to dust in unknown  
graves;  
Unheeded, Summer smiles or Winter raves  
Above the clay.

O Time, thou monarch, naught thy power bars;  
The great, the small, beneath thy wheels dost  
grind,  
Grant at the end our record we may find  
Beyond the stars.



## POEMS OF NATURE



## A SLEIGHING SONG

THE white road stretches smooth and wide  
    Beneath the glittering winter sky;  
    Fast as the wind, oh, let us fly,  
And on its spreading pinions ride.

O bells, sleigh bells, your tinkling notes  
    Pierce the keen air with wild delight,  
    And not a sound disturbs the night,  
Save that from out your silver throats.

Within the sky the stars are lost,  
    The timid moon has veiled her face  
    Behind a cloud of filmy lace,  
And all the night is framed in frost.

## EVENING

IN silhouette 'gainst the darkening skies  
A sentinel tree that sways and sighs;  
Across the waves from the moon above  
Lies the golden path of the boy god, Love;  
A mocking-bird to his mate a-near  
Flutes lowly, tenderly, softly clear;  
In gathering shadows far below  
The tramping feet of the surges go;  
And on the horizon dim, remote,  
Is drifting seaward an empty boat.

## THE NECROMANCER

FROM field and grove the mournful crickets cry,  
Through woodland drear the wandering  
breezes sigh,  
No longer joyous carolling is heard,  
But lonely note from some belated bird.

Alas, for flower-crowned Summer, queen no  
more;  
Her kingdom is usurped, her reign is o'er,  
And of her dainty court, or crown, or throne,  
Remain, but withered blossoms widely strewn.

A mighty necromancer monarch comes.  
He lifts his wand; the forest wide succumbs,  
Submissive bending 'neath his fingers chill,  
Whose touch transmutes to greater beauty  
still.

Orange and crimson, yellow, scarlet, dun,—  
A vesture brave the wizard puts upon  
The sturdy sentinels, whose serried line  
On rugged slopes raise oriflammes divine.

He sweeps his hand across the evening skies:  
In dazzling splendor constellations rise;  
Orion and the Pleiades burn bright;  
The Great Bear's flaming eyes illumine the  
night.

When morning dawns again each bush and  
briar

Is blossoming with buds of silver fire,  
And over earth's fair bosom has been tossed  
A gleaming 'broidered mantle of hoar-frost.

## HOURS

UPON the rocky peaks the first dim rose  
Of dawning opens through a cloudy veil,  
And far and wide within night's shadowy close  
Bright wings of starry butterflies grow pale.  
The sleeping earth, bedewed by misty tears  
Of fragrant blooms forsaken by the bees,  
Awakes to joy when smiling morn appears  
With flower crowned tresses ruffled by the  
breeze.

Lulled by the magic of the noontide sway,  
Tangled in web of sunshine, the world dreams ;  
To secret coverts shadows shrink away,  
And hushed the murmuring voices of the  
streams.  
Green glooms, unstirred by song or rustling  
wing,  
The stately arcades of the forest rise ;  
And in the mystic blue of space a-swing,  
Earth clasped about with golden silence lies.

The crescent moon above in splendor floats,  
A shining galleon ; on the sea below,  
Mirrored, she swings with fleet of starry boats,  
Rocked by the pulsing waters to and fro.  
The gentle evening breezes lightly sweep  
From leafy branches rustling harmonies ;

Folded in painted chalices, flowers keep  
The secrets of the night with odorous sighs,  
And phantom sails slip by and swiftly glide  
Adown the bosom of the flowing tide.



## THE SURF DOGS

THE surf dogs moan and whine upon the beach,  
And stealthily upon their white paws glide  
Among the weedy rocks bared by the tide,  
To clutch their quarry lying out of reach,  
While overhead the seagulls soar and screech.

Over the shining sands they lightly leap,  
Upon a wreck they crouch and madly tear,  
The while their snarling cries affright the  
air;  
They toss and surge above a sodden heap  
Of that o'er which the women soon will weep.

The Storm King drives them on, his hunting  
pack,  
Lashing them madly o'er the surging main,  
They seize their prey who succor call in vain;  
Then with destruction ever in their track,  
Unto the sands return demoniac.

## THE SEAGULLS

THE seagulls float  
Above the ocean till their piercing eyes  
Discern below their finny quarry rise  
From depths remote.

Motionless, still,  
They hang like pictures etched upon the blue,  
Then downward from the azure sky shoot  
through  
With voices shrill.

On outspread wing,  
Beating the waves to flashing clouds of spray,  
They seize voraciously their fleeing prey  
And upward spring.

Upon the rocks,—  
The teeth of the inhospitable seas,—  
Weary and gorged with capture, perch at ease  
The feathered flocks.

## INDIAN SUMMER

WHEN cold winds rave and snow wreaths whirl  
and dance  
Amid the naked branches tossing wild,  
Behold, in bright-hued robes, a wandering  
child  
Speeds swiftly through the woods whose dark  
expanse  
Is pierced by golden sunlight's quivering lance.  
The lonely maid, to dreamful sleep beguiled  
By soft caress of summer breezes mild,  
Has wakened 'neath November's chilling glance;  
Her lovely face, for smiles and laughter  
meant,  
Now filled with deadly fright of foes un-  
seen,  
Is backward turned with each quick,  
panting breath,  
Until the huntsman Winter might relent,  
As swift she flies to gain some covert  
green,  
While he pursues with baying hounds  
of death.

## PERSEPHONE

THROUGH Winter's stormy prelude softly  
creeps

The low, mysterious cadence of the Spring,  
And tenderly upon earth's chilly breast  
Fall the warm kisses of the genial sun;  
The erstwhile nakedness of shrivelled boughs  
Is tasselled thickly o'er with buds and blooms,  
And fluttering wings of every passing breeze  
Scatter broadcast their delicate perfume.  
The gladsome birds prepare their little nests,  
Voicing meanwhile the joyaunce of the hour;  
And Pan, the sylvan god, on river brink  
Draws witching music from his magic pipes,  
While far afield Strephon and Chloris dance.  
The young, the gay, the sorrowful and old,  
Yield to the gentle blandishment of her  
Who leaves for a short space dark Pluto's  
realm:

Too soon the gloomy king will call again  
His ravished bride, the fair Persephone.

## REGINA

FROM languorous southland, lo, a sovereign  
comes

Robed in diaphanous, effulgent clouds,  
Crowned by the sun, jewelled by blazing stars,  
Upon her swelling breast a silver moon.

O mighty queen, with power invincible,  
Thou art the mistress of all magic arts,  
Sweeping the chords of passion and of love  
That fill the earth with wild, entrancing dreams;  
At thy behest from rocky fastness high,  
Torrents leap forth with snowy, streaming  
locks,

And avalanches thunder down the gorge,  
Voicing thy praises while they devastate.  
For joy of thee embodied harmonies  
Wing through the fragrant air in tuneful flight;  
Beneath thy feet the flowers stir and wake  
To offer homage with their bud and bloom,  
And wandering breezes sob themselves to sleep  
Upon the cradle of thy throbbing breast;  
Thy dewy mouth is stained by many a kiss  
Of days now cold, but with the old-time spell  
Invites approach of rosy hours to come,  
Fraught with fair mornings and with per-  
fumed eves,  
With long, still, blossoming days and honey-  
bees,

And lilies and a world of golden light.  
Oh, veil the splendor of those glorious eyes,  
Whose burning gaze beyond the distant peaks  
Would seek to lure the tender, unborn hours  
From out the womb of time to die at last  
Upon the poison of thy fatal lips.  
Dost not thy prescient gaze behold thy bier  
O'erstrewn with leaves crimsoned by thy life-  
blood,  
And hear the moaning voices of the wind  
Thy dirge intoning as thou movest on,  
Imperial, triumphant in thy charms?  
Loose not the shining ripples of thy hair  
To lie in dalliance by the limpid stream,  
For, lo, at heel the savage Winter stalks,  
With blasting breath, and knout of ice and  
snow,  
O'er mountain, over plain, through woodland  
fair,  
Vengeful and merciless, pursuing thee;  
And in a little time, bereft of strength,  
With sobbing cries and trailing garments rent,  
Forlorn as ever beggar in his rags,  
Shalt thou, beneath his scourgings, meet thy  
doom.

## THE DESERT

As far as eye can reach the desert wide  
Stretches its awful waste of shifting sands  
Where thirst and hunger, grisly phantoms,  
bide,  
To seize their quarry with relentless hands.

In scattered clusters thorny cactus grows,  
And wandering coyotes with stealthy tread  
Prowl round the hillocks that the simoon throws  
Above the whitened bones of travellers dead.

The mists of morning in a thousand hues  
Across its bosom weave their filmy lace;  
The splendor of the moonlit night endues  
With peaceful loveliness its cruel face.

But merciless it sleeps, a spirit fell,  
And dreams and dreams while evermore it  
weaves  
In wonderful mirage its magic spell,  
Betraying unto death who'er believes.

Yet on those arid breasts oases cling,  
Where by the cooling well palm branches  
wave,  
A vernal sanctuary offering  
Amid the desolation of the grave.

O sorceress, what power is thine that lures?

Despite thy terrors and thy scorching breath,  
Who know desire thee while time endures,  
Though in thy wild embraces there is death.



## AT LA JOLLA

STERN and implacable the rocky shore  
    Stretches its length,  
Upon it mighty surges toss and roar  
    In awful strength.

Brown garlands torn from ocean gardens fair,  
    Deep 'neath the waves,  
Float tangled with bright sea-shells here and  
    there,—  
    Flowers strewn on graves.

White foaming billows leap into the skies,  
    High heaven to gain;  
Then impotent fall back with bellowing cries,  
    Like beasts on chain.

As far as eye can reach the battle goes  
    'Twixt earth and sea,  
And in and out the strong tide ebbs and flows  
    Eternally.

## NEWPORT HARBOR

THE damp winds blow  
From fog-banks low  
That stretch across the western skies;  
Their lips of mist  
The waves have kissed,  
Responsive but in plaintive sighs.

The once glad sun  
His race has run,  
Nor casts one farewell look behind  
As in the west  
He sinks to rest  
With vaporous brow and vision blind.

The pallid moon  
Lies in a swoon  
Upon the tree-crowned heights afar;  
And on the rim,  
With life-light dim,  
Just breathes one flickering little star.

A slow swung bell  
Tolls out its knell  
From yonder tower tall and white;  
But far and wide,  
Athwart the tide,  
The kindled lantern cheers the night.

## BY THE PACIFIC

FROM distant, sunny Orient where  
Lie hill-shrines bowered in the trees,  
Whence tinkling bells, 'mid blossoms fair,  
Send forth their music on the breeze;  
From land of the chrysanthemum  
The crested billows swiftly come.

They bring the incense odors sweet,  
The boom of many a temple gong,  
The pattering of sandalled feet  
That roam the scented paths along;  
They whisper of that land of flowers  
Where joy and gladness mark the hours.

On rock-bound coasts, forbidding, bleak,  
The once glad waves from that bright zone  
Lay on the shore a pallid cheek  
And sing in plaintive monotone,  
Or lift white hands in mournful cries  
Of grief for their lost paradise.

## O BIRD, SWIFT FLYING

O BIRD, swift flying  
From out the rosy west where light is dying,  
Say, dost thou seek amid some leafy screen  
Thy little nest all canopied with green?  
Then stay thy flight,  
For empty hangs thy home; thy mate has  
    flown  
Far, far afield, and thou art here alone,  
Bereft to-night.

Last eve while calling  
Thy sweet good-night amid the shadows falling,  
When save wind-voices from the distant hill  
All tired nature rested calm and still,  
Thou couldst not know  
On surer, swifter wings than thine flew  
    sorrow,  
And thou, poor bird, upon the morrow  
Wouldst mourning go.

Then cease thy wailing  
And searching vain; thy little wings are failing.  
Dear bird, thou seekest but an empty nest;  
Oh, come; forget thine anguish on my breast,  
Soft rustling thing,  
For he who set thy silver tongue a-swinging,  
Within the golden bell of Summer ringing,  
Bids thee to sing.

## THE RETURN

ACROSS the azure deeps the birds are soaring,  
Filling the golden day with rapturous notes;  
The meadow-lark and mocking-bird are pouring  
Ecstatic melody from quivering throats.

Clad in his scarlet mantle captivating,  
The cardinal flutes from his green retreat;  
Each feathered acolyte is celebrating  
A woodland mass with carols clear and sweet.

Cloud-arabesqued and radiant with glory,  
Spring fair cathedral arches of the skies;  
Below, supreme and grand, with summits hoary,  
In solemn pomp the pillared mountains rise.

The heart of nature in its rhythmic beating  
Wakens a yearning close akin to pain,  
Though o'er the distant hills, with fragrant  
greeting,  
Behold the flower-crowned Summer comes  
again.



## POEMS OF SORROW





## IN A GARDEN

IN fields of air a golden sickle shows ;  
    The last pale rose  
Of sunset fire has faded into grey,  
    And shadows round me close.

Steal softly, winds, across the moaning sea,  
    And bear to me  
Some tidings of the loved and lost who now  
    Is but a memory.

Planted by Love's own hand the sweet peas  
    bloom,  
    Veiled in the gloom,  
Yet token of their presence still betray  
    In delicate perfume.

Their fragrance like a benediction rare  
    Pervades the air,  
A tender record of life's ended dream,  
    Fostered with loving care.

The gentle heart that cherished them of old,  
    Pulseless and cold,  
Lies on the self-same breast that gives them  
    strength  
    To quicken and unfold.

Who has not known the mockery of light,  
The dreary night  
Crowded with fretting memories of joys  
Withered by death's cold blight.

We seek with anguished cries, but all in vain,  
Surcease from pain ;  
And then — some morn an angel shows the way,  
And Love is found again.

## RESIGNATION

THOUGH death divorce us, yet thou shalt be  
mine

Sometime, somewhere in happy years to  
come;

Wherefore I bid my quivering lips be dumb,  
Lest by complaint I question God's design.

Even now I feel thy love of days long past,—

Divine, unselfish from its very birth,

So blessed that it must live beyond the earth  
And in heaven's courts perfection reach at last.

I hear thy voice in dreams and, weeping, wake;

But those sweet years of mother love and  
care,

The memory of which, anguished, I must  
bear,

I would not barter though my heart should  
break.

Nor would I call thee back, for thou art blest

Beyond the utmost power of earth to give;

I mourn the lonely years that I must live,  
When every hour my loss makes manifest.

Ofttimes I feel if I could break the spell,

Thou wouldst return to me and dry my tears;

The grave is but the portal of the years  
Of life eternal wherein thou dost dwell.

O Christ, who rose o'er death triumphantly  
And sittest in high heaven, a monarch  
crowned,  
Comfort and lend thine aid till I have found  
Mine own who may return no more to me.

## MY PEARL

ONE hour divine,—  
For which His gracious name I praise,—  
Set in the golden circle of my days,  
A pearl was mine.

It was so fair  
I scarce could think for me 'twas meant,  
That, to me, undeserving, He had sent  
A joy so rare.

My gift from Heaven  
I guarded jealously until one day  
The envious angels sought to wile away  
What God had given.

And no alarms  
Or bitter tears could aught avail;  
They took my treasure, leaving me to wail  
With empty arms.

O far-off space,  
Wherein my lost one doth abide,  
Open but once your starry casements wide,  
And show her face.

O Christ, the Son,  
By thy fond mother's sacred tears,  
Amid the glory of eternal years  
Give me one glimpse, but one.

## AT NIGHT

O GENTLE Night, whose hand beneficent  
Soothes to repose and calm oblivion  
The cruel heartaches that attend the day  
And with their smart make desolate the hours!  
At night we wander through the groves of  
    sleep,  
Where dreams upon the branches nest and sing  
Such thrilling songs of joyaunce, hope and love,  
That Time and Death stay listening hand in  
    hand;  
Dear old-time faces smile; their lips caress,  
The sweet contentment of the might-have-been  
We drink in long, deep, satisfying draughts,  
And then,— O God, we wake to weep again.

## IN HOSPITAL AT MANILA

WE lie outside in the sunshine  
On cots and on lounging chairs,  
And a few on canes and crutches  
Hobble painfully round in pairs.

Many a window is open,  
O'er many the shades are drawn;  
We know what that means, we cripples  
Who lie in the sunshine and yawn.

We struggle to keep up courage  
By gossip and jest and chaff,  
Though the laughter a joke arouses  
Is only the ghost of a laugh.

We talk of battle and skirmish,  
But rarely of home and friends,  
A fellow has limitations  
And knows where his valor ends.

The slender shapes of the palm-trees  
Silhouetted against the blue,  
And clumps of the Spanish bayonet,  
Rise endlessly on our view

Till the glowing tropic landscape  
Is torture, and sad eyes search  
With a yearning past all telling  
For the sight of maple or birch.

Sitting all day in the sunshine,  
Helpless and hopeless,— O God!  
And the end of living and loving,—  
A grave under foreign sod!



## HOPE'S MESSENGER

WITHIN my heart I caged a bird,  
And listening  
With rapture, every hour heard  
Its wild notes ring.

Through summer time the music sweet  
Rose clear and strong,  
Till even Time stayed flying feet  
To hear its song.

It warbled of the coming days  
Golden, divine,  
Of heart's desire and flowery ways  
That should be mine.

But autumn winds blew bleak and chill,  
And rain fell fast;  
The voice grew faint and fainter, till  
It ceased at last.

And when the sun shone out once more  
And clouds had fled,  
Behold, upon its prison floor  
The bird lay dead.

## MY SONG

I SANG my song along the broad highway,  
    With life untried:  
Exultantly rang out the roundelay,  
    And echoed wide.

I sang my song along the broad highway  
    Amid the rain,  
And strove with joyous notes the livelong day  
    To banish pain.

I sang my song along the broad highway;—  
    The night has come;  
My bleeding feet have wandered far astray,  
    And I am dumb.

## GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR

GOOD-BYE, Old Year, the hours are swiftly flying;

The night has come at last and thou art dying.

Doth no repentance, no remorse assail thee,

As far and wide the wintry winds bewail thee?

Good-bye, good-bye.

Good-bye, Old Year; thou hast been most unkindly

To one who welcomed thee so fondly, blindly;

Who gave thee largess as a royal guest;

Whose trust thou didst betray with wild unrest.

Good-bye, good-bye.

Good-bye, Old Year who came in clouds of glory;

Thy breath upon my locks has left them hoary;

Thy lips were chill and filled me with alarms;

My roses faded in thy clasping arms.

Good-bye, good-bye.

Good-bye, Old Year; thy cruel hand, relentless,

Robbed memory of joy and made it scentless;

The wine of love poured from a shattered glass,

In blood-red drops upon a mound of grass.  
Good-bye, good-bye.

Good-bye, Old Year. And now, since thou must  
leave me,  
Wouldst sue for pardon wherein thou didst  
grieve me?  
Restore sweet trust, make whole the broken  
heart,  
And from remembrance pluck the poisoned  
dart; —  
No answer — ruthless Year;  
Good-bye, good-bye.

## FINIS

THE dance is over, the song is sung.

I've had my ha'pence; what matters more?  
We all must live though the heart be wrung  
    With its anguish sore.

On sorrowful eyes the world will frown,

For a heavy heart makes a woeful dance,  
And a stormy wind shakes the blossoms down  
    In this life of chance.

I've had my sunshine, though wan and cold;

I cast a shadow upon the throng.  
The day has vanished; its story told.  
    Will the night be long?

I've smiled and jested; I now would rest

As once in the happy days gone by,  
When safe from harm, on my mother's breast  
    I was wont to lie.

The darkness gathers; the mist rolls in;

The dusk is peopled with fancies wild.  
Reach, ghostly mother, from shadows thin;  
    Take thy weary child.

## DREAMS

O HEART, 'tis vain  
To seek again  
The sweet rose-gardens of the past.  
Too late, too late,—  
The ivory gate  
'Gainst thy return is bolted fast.

And never more  
On sea or shore  
That rare, effulgent light shall  
shine  
Whose wondrous rays,  
In by-gone days,  
Transfigured all with glow divine.

Though one should rise  
With haunting eyes,  
To lure thee with the old-time  
charms,  
'Tis but a dream  
Of joy supreme;  
Awake to tears and empty arms.

## PASS ON, O DEATH

PASS on, O Death; thy destined road be keep-  
ing,

Nor falter in the pathway thou dost tread.  
The air is filled with sounds of bitter weeping;  
Thy fearsome passage marked by flowers  
dead.

The bird-song ceases; winds no more are call-  
ing

Amid the rustling leaves their message sweet;  
On blighted blooms the butterflies are falling;  
All nature cowers 'neath thy passing feet.

Away, away, nor dare molest my treasure,—

The one frail bud unwithered by thy breath;  
Let other, richer gardens pay thy measure:  
Pass on thy ruthless way, O cruel Death.

## TURN DOWN HIS EMPTY GLASS

"Where I made one—turn down an empty glass."  
THE RUBAIYAT.

TURN down his empty glass, but do not let  
Thy thoughts of him be filled with wild regret,  
Nor for one hour his love of thee forget.

The Master who has wrought us out of clay,  
In diverse form has fashioned us each day;  
Faultless or flawed, His hand designed always.

Some for His sacred altars are found meet;  
Others for royal usage are complete;  
And some—lie soiled and broken in the street.

He knows each blemish and each fate has  
planned,  
For honor this, that in dishonor banned;  
The wherefore sometime thou mayst understand.

Inexorable through the changing years  
He molds, 'mid prayers of praise, 'mid anguished  
tears,  
Till at the last is ended strife and fears.

And over all the wonder of the skies  
And earth with bud and bloom, though quiet  
lies  
One smirched and shattered, Fate's stern sacrifice.



E'en shouldst thou call, he will not hear, alas,  
Nor of the guests that to the banquet pass  
Shall he be one.— Turn down his empty glass.



**POEMS OF TRAGEDY**



## ANARCHY

HATCHED in the fetid slums, I stir and wake  
'Mid my incestuous brood to seek the light.  
From teeming alleys, courts and city streets,  
With sibilant hiss I call the unemployed,  
The thief, the harlot and the murderer;  
From haunts and dens of sin unspeakable,  
Through busy market-place I take my way,  
Upon my slimy trail my following,  
While ruin, devastation, rapine foul,  
Its hydra-head rears high above the throng.  
We leave upon our track dishonored homes,  
Children defiled, and youths degenerate;  
The fair, white, virgin bodies of young maids,  
In gross embrace deflowered, then trampled  
down.

Our battle cry rings through the trembling  
world,

“Equality, fraternity for all!”

Is this fraternity, equality?

Tortured and broken from the mills we come,  
From awful Stygian darkness of the mines;  
Starving and maddened by our impotence,  
Monsters that once were brothers, we arise.  
What hand has set us free to work our will?  
Not God who in His image made us all,  
And gave the earth that we might eat and live;  
Not God,—but man, exultant in his might,  
Obsessed with thirst of power to emulate

Divinity and make all worlds his own.  
Man,— the proud conqueror of earth and air,  
The lord supreme of nature's mysteries,—  
Strides over prostrate bodies of his serfs,  
Heedless alike of curses and of prayers;  
The strong, the weak, the innocent, the old,  
He grinds to indistinguishable pulp  
To furnish forth his Bacchanalian feasts,  
Till, turned to beasts, raging like beasts they  
    rise,  
And from their agony, behold *I am*.

## SISTERS

YOUR name is Mary, mine is Magdalene ;  
You tread the road to heaven and I to hell ;  
But why your life is pure and mine unclean,  
The Power that made us both alone can tell.

Our spirits, dwelling in primordial flame,  
Together burned in space, nor evil knew,  
Until by unknown force we hither came,  
And I a garret found,— a palace, you.

The same hot blood flows in the veins of each ;  
In both, primeval instincts seethe and glow.  
Of me they make a sinner beyond reach ;  
In you they smoulder 'neath convention's  
snow.

Your chaste, young breast is not more fair than  
this,  
A pillow for desire-sated sleep ;  
My mouth is stained by many a wanton kiss,  
While yours its flower-like purity may keep.

O Destiny, thou cruel and unjust,  
Why to the helpless issue such decrees,  
That yield some lips to love and some to lust ;  
Give some the wine of life and some the lees?

Within my awful charnel-house in vain  
I strive 'gainst fetters of heredity.  
Shall I no more my lost estate regain  
When fleshly gyves my blighted soul set free?



## BETRAYED

How long the time since I have dared to pray  
I know not, reckoning by hour or day,  
By months or years;  
But I have sought to wash my guilt away  
With contrite tears.

Derided, shamed, I've faced the cold world's  
scorn,  
The harlot's name upon my bosom borne,  
By man's decree,  
While my betrayer, all his vows forsworn,  
Went scathless, free.

O heart of stone 'gainst which mine own heart  
beat,  
O lying lips that, passionful and sweet,  
Betrayed by kiss,  
Can e'er be made atonement that is meet  
For sin like this;

Who, pausing for a moment at love's shrine,  
Steals from the crystal chalice sacred wine,  
And having drained,  
Casts down with ruthless hand the cup divine  
His touch has stained?

When Lucifer in human guise would take  
A hand at hazard with a soul for stake,  
The end's the same,  
And weaklings, lured by him his dice to shake,  
Must lose the game.

## THE WANTON

LIFE met me smiling, with an outstretched hand  
That held bright flowers of hope and joy supreme,  
And said, "All things are thine, at thy command."

And yet her promise was an empty dream;  
Footsore and weary, beggared and a-cold,  
I know, O Life, thy lies are manifold.

I drank her draught and pleased through the  
land,  
In garish day and 'neath the stars' pale gleam;  
She lured me on until at last I stand  
Naked and shuddering by death's icy stream.  
O Life, thou wanton, heartless, strong and bold,  
Within thy grasp man's soul a toy dost hold.

## RACHEL

THE time is long ago when I and Grief  
Struck hands reluctantly on life's highway,  
Since then for me has shone no cheering ray,  
And of my fond hopes not one tiny leaf  
Remains to tell of their fruition brief.

With tear-blind eyes I wander far astray  
On hopeless quest that I perchance some day  
May overtake relentless Death, the thief,  
From whose dread presence, filled with wild  
alarms,

I fled on fear-winged feet that summer  
tide.

And yet, despite my tears, despite my  
pain,

He ravished from my impotent, fond arms  
My cherished blossoms,— I no bud could  
hide;

Therefore I wander, seeking, but in  
vain.

## THE JESTER

“All the world’s a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players.”

WITH haggard face smeared o’er in red and  
white,

Behold the jester leaps upon the stage;  
The public greet his entrance with delight,  
As by his quips and grins he earns his wage.  
Though pain and anguish claim him for their  
own,

Though sorrow’s bitter cup his lot to quaff,  
His painted lips emit no sigh or moan;  
He jests and capers that the world may  
laugh.

Wearied at last of heavy-hearted jokes,  
They yawn, and he no more their interest  
keeps,  
His wildest flights nor mirth nor smile pro-  
vokes;  
They hiss,—behind his paint the jester  
weeps.

His little hour has passed and he is done,  
The fickle world demands a new surprise,  
Another clown their mad applause has won,  
And in his garret, starved, the jester dies.

## CONDEMNED

WHAT of the night,  
O watchman, pacing 'neath the skies?  
Above the peaks does dawn arise?  
Not yet 'tis light.

The heavens are dark,  
The leaden clouds shut out the stars;  
They stretch above like prison bars,  
So stern and stark.

A dead moon swings.  
No light! No light, and we must die!  
Yet be the dawn afar or nigh,  
Too swift its wings.

When morning fair  
Wakes we shall lie stretched stiff and cold,  
Our heads low pillowed in the mold,  
Our spirits — where?

## PAYING THE PIPER

DANCING on in the joyous weather,  
Youths and maidens with quip and fling,  
Merrily laughing, trip together  
To the Piper's music hearkening.

What though feet through the quagmire  
wander?

Youth is the time to revel and sing;  
Golden, beautiful days to squander,  
And follow the Piper, rioting.

Fruit of knowledge is plucked and tasted,  
Souls are risked for the savoring;  
Roses of joy are culled and wasted,  
While after the Piper hastening.

Shadows gather; the winds are wailing;  
Phantoms of evil clasp and cling.  
Onward still, though the strength be failing,  
For the Piper grim is summoning.

Unto the soul despair has spoken;  
Courage and hope long since took wing;  
Tears are dried, for the heart is broken,—  
And now for the Piper's reckoning.

## THE LAND OF WOE

FAINT and dim on the horizon,  
Amid islands bright and fair,  
Lies a land of tears and mourning  
Lies a land of wild despair.

The same waves sing on its beaches,  
The same heaven o'er it smiles;  
Round it perfumed winds are blowing  
As in other happier isles.

Yet it lies accursed and lonely,  
And its palm trees in the wind  
Sway and whisper, "Ye who come here  
Must leave every hope behind."

Island of the broken-hearted,  
Where are severed ties of earth,  
E'en the angels weep, beholding,  
And the devils shriek with mirth.

Ye who pray above your darlings  
And their dying forms caress,  
Would ye drain the cup of torment  
And know utter hopelessness:

Think upon that woeful country  
Where the hapless go to die,—  
Man abandoned, God forsaken,  
Leper island, Molokai!



## THE OPEN GATE

THERE is a gate  
Narrow and low with lichen overgrown;  
Those who would fain pass through approach  
    alone,  
In royal state.

Black shadows creep  
About the portal which is never fast;  
Oft with one touch ye enter and at last  
    Know why ye weep.

The road thereto  
Anon is smooth and fair, then dour and dark,  
But at the end there flickers a faint spark  
    The gateway through.

None comprehend  
This side the secret of the hidden light,  
For none return who go beyond the sight,  
    Or message send.

How great thy need,  
However blighted hope and life may be,  
'Tis thine to suffer or the mystery  
    To dare and read.

Naught may compel  
The awful question or the fiery test,  
But all who writhe in agonized unrest  
    The cure know well.

Then fear not fate;  
When destiny is hopeless, hostage cease  
To misery; take thou thine own release,—  
Pass through the gate.

## VANQUISHED

A CASTLE stood  
Upon the borders of a boundless sea ;  
An ancient wood  
Embowered and concealed it cunningly,  
But silvern bells at eventide betrayed  
Its presence tunefully.

Eyes starry bright  
Gazed through the mullioned windows' ivy  
screen

When soft moonlight  
On maze of tangled blossoms cast its sheen ;  
And nightingales without a thought of fear  
Built nests amid the green.

Beyond, afar,  
The purple silhouettes of mountains rose ;  
The evening star  
Above their peaks hung signals of repose ;  
And till by dawn dispersed, the fleecy clouds  
Flocked round the rocky close.

So sweet Content  
With gentle Peace reigned in this fair domain,  
And Sorrow went  
Aside with shrouded face her path of pain,  
And though by Death companioned step by  
step,  
Sought not ingress to gain.

But chill winds blew,  
Snow-laden, till the flowers drooped and died;  
The wild birds flew  
Affrighted and to southlands swift wings plied;  
And Doubt with icy fingers stood without  
And would not be denied.

Relentless Fate  
Led unveiled Sorrow with her haunted eyes  
Through bastioned gate;  
Smote down defense 'mid wild despairing cries,  
Till Death at last, a conqueror and a king,  
Held Life his captive prize.

Now stone by stone,  
White, cruel hands of surges seaward sweep  
A shattered throne  
Whose sovereignty the spirit could not keep;  
And o'er the ruins, desolate and stark,  
Mildew and darkness creep.

## RELIGIOUS POEMS



## THE CROSS OF RUBIDOUX

THE golden sunshine gleams o'er mesas wide,  
And over giant peaks that on each side

    In might arise,  
Invading e'en the kingdom of the skies.

From rocky heights of Rubidoux there falls  
The shadow of a Cross that voiceless calls

    Till man must heed  
Its message blest, attuned to every need.  
On whomso'er its benison doth rest,  
Responsive reverence wakens in the breast;

    The present vast  
May not eliminate the storied past.

In blush and bloom a golden orchard glows,  
And borne on wandering breeze from cloistered  
    rows,

    A perfume rare,  
Like incense from an altar, fills the air.

Junipero Serra and the fathers sleep;  
His Mission, best beloved, a crumbling heap,  
    The spoil of Time;

And o'er the ruined walls the roses climb.  
Dauntless of heart, they toiled with bitter  
    stress

To make a garden of a wilderness;  
    From great to least  
They ministered, as friend, physician, priest.

And when the dark hour came and strength was  
    spent,  
Their prayer for human succor impotent,  
    They recked not loss,  
But martyred, dying, clung unto the Cross.



## THE WORSHIP OF THE FLOWERS

O FLOWERS fair, unto the world God-given,  
Earth-stars that waken from a dewy sleep  
To smile upon thy glittering twins in heaven  
That watch and ward in wind-swept spaces  
keep:

Thy fragrant chalices are gently swaying  
'Mid woodland aisles and on the garden sod,  
In perfumed wordless prayers forever saying  
Their matins and their vespers unto God.

The little feathered acolytes are singing  
In thrilling chorus near each hidden nest,  
On bush and shrub are balmy censers swinging  
As Nature worships at divine behest.

From bulb and seed in dark mold fructifying,  
Ye rise triumphantly as some day we  
Shall fall into the sleep that men call dying,  
And waken into immortality.

What matter if ye live but for an hour,  
Ye did not bloom in vain though ye must  
fade;  
Ye are the symbol of His love and power,  
The sweet sign manual His hand has made.

## EASTER TIME

'Tis Easter time: sing, birds, your roundelay;  
Sing, all ye little streams along the way.

'Tis Easter time:

O sighing trees, lament no more your shame;  
The Cross man hewed from ye did man reclaim.

'Tis Easter time: O sister Magdalene,  
This day know that His blood has washed thee  
clean.

'Tis Easter time:

He doth upon Himself all burdens take,—  
Thy base desires, thine anguish, thy heart-  
break.

'Tis Easter time: Mary, no longer weep;  
The Christ, thy Son, has wakened from his  
sleep.

'Tis Easter time:

O sorrowing mother, ever art thou blest,  
That thou hast rocked the Godhead on thy  
breast.

'Tis Easter time: our Lord and God has risen;  
Sing, contrite hearts, anointed by his chrism.

'Tis Easter time:

Through heaven and earth let the wild anthem  
ring,

“Behold, upon His throne, Jehovah, King.”

## CHRIST'S MOTHER

HE was a baby cradled in her arms,  
Just such an one as we might love to-day,  
A little rosy child with dimpled charms,  
And Mary strove to keep all ill away.

She bent above Him in ecstatic thought  
Like other mothers, be time old or new;  
And when His eager lips her bosom sought,  
In every sip her very soul He drew.

And then — upon the cross 'twixt felons twain  
She saw Him nailed, she heard His last faint  
breath,  
And suffered with Him every bitter pain,  
As impotent she watched His cruel death.

O Mary, who on erring world ingrate  
Bestowed such gift, thine only Son divine,  
What mortal power can judge or estimate  
A sacrifice so infinite as thine!

## BETHLEHEM'S BABE

IN Bethlehem a babe was born ;  
    (*List the angels calling!*)  
A manger was his cradle bed,  
And straw the pillow for his head.  
    (*Fast the tears are falling.*)

Swift winging through the gates of morn,  
    (*List the angels calling!*)  
Responsive to his plaintive cry,  
Bright seraphs sang his lullaby.  
    (*Fast the tears are falling.*)

In adoration knelt the kine ;  
    (*List the angels calling!*)  
All creatures knew their Lord supreme  
Save those blind souls he would redeem.  
    (*Fast the tears are falling.*)

O little hands that cling and twine !  
    (*List the angels calling!*)  
O baby brow whereon we see  
The sign and seal of sovereignty !  
    (*Fast the tears are falling.*)

The shadow of the cross draws near ;  
    (*List the angels calling!*)  
The way to Calvary is steep,  
Death's murky vapors closer creep.  
    (*Fast the tears are falling.*)

Earth, look upon thy work and fear!

*(List the angels calling!)*

'Twixt felons twain a form doth swing,

And man has slain his God and King!

*(Fast the tears are falling.)*

Heavens' portals ope, worlds disappear;

*(List the anthems pealing!)*

The Son of God, man's sacrifice,

Behold, enthroned in paradise!

Archangels round him kneeling!

## I AM A WANDERER

I AM a wanderer from my Father's home;  
Far, far afield my erring steps have strayed  
O'er rugged mountains, height on height ar-  
rayed;  
Through swamp and thicket dense, my way  
have made,  
Until at last I can no longer roam.

I am a wanderer from my Father's home;  
Time was, long since, when strong and un-  
afraid,  
I woke e'er roses of the dawn could fade,  
And blithely roamed 'mid glad birds' sere-  
nade,  
Beneath a smiling heaven's arching dome.

I am a wanderer from my Father's home;  
My strength is spent; no more can I per-  
suade  
My lagging feet through forests' dim arcade.  
I fear the haunted gloom and dusky shade  
Wherein the gleaming torrents roar and foam.

I am a wanderer from my Father's home;  
The shadows lengthen; soon will night in-  
vade  
My path. Thy hand alone can give me aid;  
O walk with me that my weak steps be stayed!  
I am a wanderer from my Father's home.

## WHEN SHEPHERDS WATCHED

THROUGH that wondrous night the shepherds,  
watching,  
Saw strange signs and portents far above them,  
While the changeful winds blew hither, thither,  
In a wild unrest.

'Mid the glittering, radiant lamps of heaven,  
Now revealed, now screened by misty curtain,  
One alone burned brighter than all others,—  
Star of Bethlehem.

Marvelling, the shepherds left, forgotten,  
Timid flocks unguarded from night's perils,  
Guided by the light until it led them  
To a manger bed.

Quietly the Prince of Peace was lying  
In His humble cradle by His mother,  
While the sweet-breathed kine about were  
                    kneeling,  
                    Worshipping and dumb.

Everywhere unseen were shining legions,  
Wings outspread, their Lord and King adoring,  
Pouring through the golden gates of heaven  
In an endless throng.

Virgin Mary, chosen among women,  
Mother of our God, though great thy glory,  
Great thy pain. The cross whereon He suffered,  
Thee, too, crucified.



## YULETIDE

THE holly blushes 'neath its leaves,  
The crackling Yule log blazes clear;  
Bedeck the hall with Christmas wreaths,  
Fill up the glass with Yuletide cheer.

The wassail bowl is brimming o'er,  
And Christmas tapers all alight;  
The Christ child waits beside the door  
For leave to enter in to-night.

The world without in frosty chains  
Lies bound beneath the cold star-glow,  
But cheery home-fires through the panes  
Throw gleams across the drifting snow.

The bells ring out their clangor sweet,  
"Peace upon earth, to man good will!"  
Above the tumult of the street  
Rise the insistent voices shrill.

Bid sorrow for a time depart,  
Forget a while life's discipline,  
Ope wide the portals of the heart,  
And let the Christmas mummers in.

*CUI BONO*

WHY must there be,  
Dear God, this groping through the mists and  
                damps,  
Seeing afar the happy household lamps,  
But none for me?

Why should I toil  
'Mid thorny paths beside the river's brink,  
With breaking heart and tired feet that sink  
In mud and soil?

Some pathways lie  
Sunny and beautiful by tranquil streams,  
Some weary eyes close fast in tearless dreams;  
Lord, why not I?

May I not rest  
One moment upon grassy knoll in shade  
Of some old oak where little birds have made  
A hidden nest?

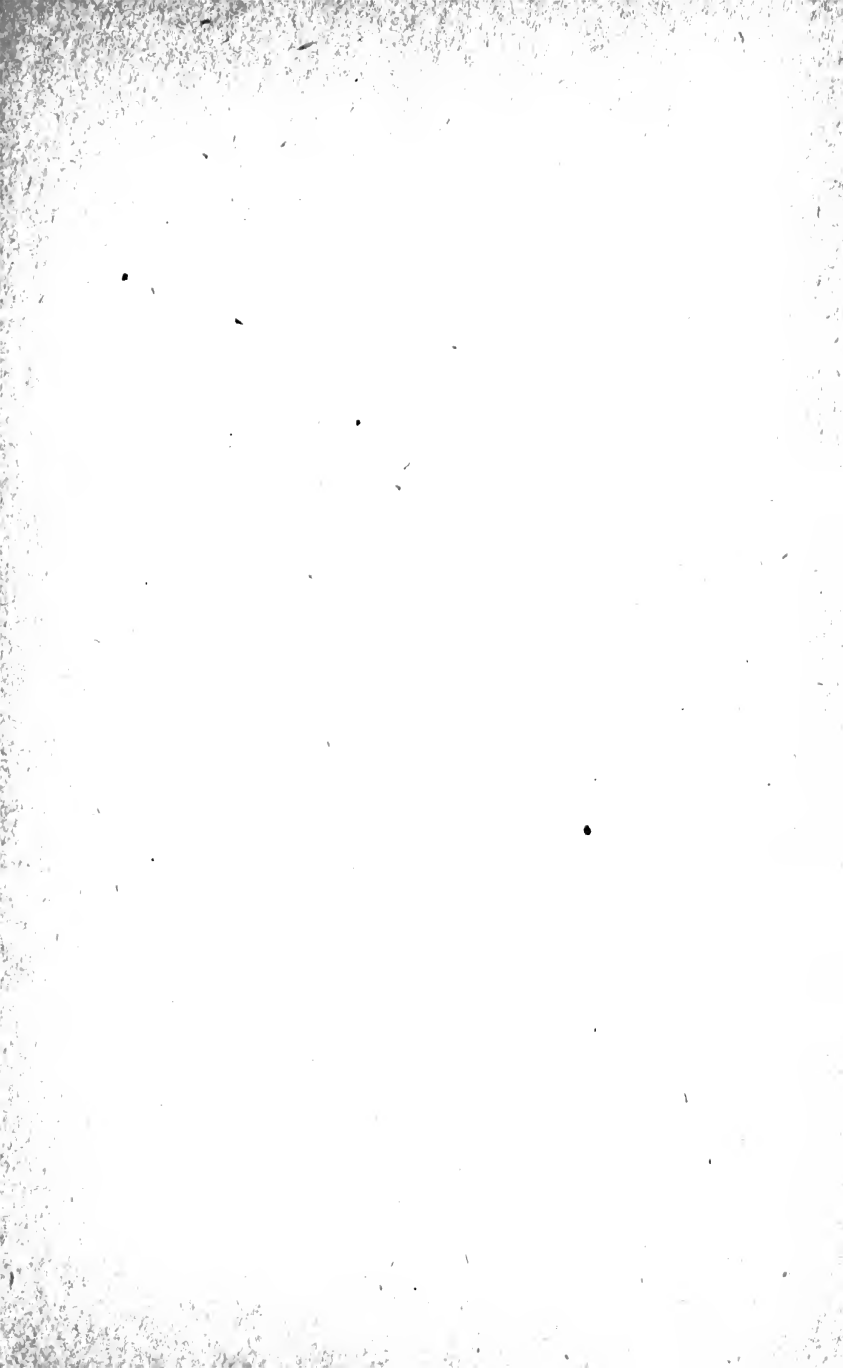
When shadows fall  
And pale stars glimmer faintly through the  
night,  
Strange evil things from thickets dense affright  
With wail and call:

Then could I hear  
But once Thy voice, 'twould ease my path of  
pain;  
Thy presence would my ebbing strength sustain,  
And banish fear.

Ofttimes I seem,  
Asleep, to rest within Thy sheltering arms;  
At dawn I wake to find with wild alarms  
'Tis but a dream.

Yet shouldst thou still  
Decree my spirit's growth by bitter loss,  
Grant me the trust to humbly kiss the Cross,  
And do Thy will.





THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS  
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN  
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY  
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH  
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY  
OVERDUE.

AUG 18 1941

YB 11781

977601

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

